A

NEW SONG,

On the preſent CONTESTED ELECTION for the CITY of *DURHAM.*

I.

COme fill the Glaſſes all around
To General LAMBTON's Health;
His Fame to all the World reſound
For parting with his Wealth.
And for Lambton *we will vote.*

II.

He ſports it in a noble Cauſe
To ſerve his Country's Good;
His Conduct merits our Applauſe,
And ſhould not be withſtood.
And for, &c.

III.

His Family's of antient Date,
Not of a Muſhroom Birth;
His Anceſtors were always great,
Whoſe Actions ſpoke their Truth.
And for, &c.

IV.

But *G——l——d*'s Greatneſs, whence it roſe,
We all preſume to know,
'Twas from Thoſe he doth oppoſe,
A baſe ungrateful Foe!
And for, &c.

V.

A good Man can't with any Face
Support ſo vile a Cauſe;
To raiſe a Whig to any Place
Is plump againſt our Laws.
And for, &c.

VI.

Confuſion to the Whiggiſh Plan,
And each King-killing Party;
But General LAMBTON is the Man,
For whom we will be hearty.
And for, &c.

VII.

The Church and King we will ſupport
'Gainſt Sets of every Kind;
We'll down with Rumps of ev'ry Sort,
How ſtrong ſo e'er combin'd.
And for, &c.

VIII.

What tho' the Corporation
Our Rights would fain deſtroy,
We yet will keep our Station,
And ſtill our Rights enjoy.
And for, &c.

IX.

What tho' the Mayor and Aldermen
Your Charter will not ſhew,
It's APPLEBY will find the Means
The Truth therein to know.
And for, &c.

X.

And if our Common Council Men
He us procures to chuſe,
What more he can, than what he's done,
I'm ſure he'll not refuſe.
And for, &c.

XI.

A Fig for Corporation Tools,
Dependent let them be;
The Mayor and Aldermen are Fools,
Excepting two or three.
And for, &c.

XII.

No Glyſter-pipe, nor any Pimps,
Nor vile Apothecary,
Shall tempt us to be Satan's Imps,
Or ever make us vary.
And for, &c.

XIII.

No Dupes to any mighty Man,
Or any noble Lord,
Shall e'er our Honeſty trepan,
Or make us break our Word.
And for, &c.

XIV.

Exempt from Toll we are it's true,
No Thanks to *Gowland*'s Friends;
Our Liberties they would ſubdue
To ſerve their private Ends.
And for, &c.

XV.

And yet cry LIBERTY aloud,
When they would make us Slaves;
Ye *Gowlanders*, what makes you proud
To ſerve ſuch crafty Knaves?
And for, &c.

XVI.

We live like Gentlemen of Taſte,
Have Supper, Punch, and Wine;
But ye, whene'er ye have a Treat,
Have nought but Ale and Swine:
And for, &c.

XVII.

And e'en for that you're forc'd to club,
And leave your Family ſtarving,
And all to ſerve a ſilly Cub
That is not worth One Farthing.
And for, &c.

XVIII.

For Shame, give o'er this fond Attack,
Or you muſt trudge with Paſſes,
With ſcarce a Rag upon your Back,
Or Breaches to your Arſes.
And for, &c.

XIX.

To ſhun the Conſequence and Fate
Of miſapply'd Affection,
To LAMBTON turn e'er its too late,
He'll ſurely gain the Election.
And for Lambton *we will vote.*